(193.)

The Whigg-Feaſt:

A *SCOTCH BALLAD*, made to the Tune of a new and pleaſant Scotch Dance.

I.

WOons! what noo is the matter?
Gud feth'tis wondrous ſtrange,
The Whigs do keep ſike a clatter,
That nean can paſs th' *Exchange*.

They cry, *'Bread!* 'tis pity
Their Numbers are no more,
The DUKE does dine in the City,
And muckle they fear His Power.

They begin the awd Trick agen,
And cabal like Old-Nick agen,
Feaſt three hundred pound thick agen,
Sike a height they ſoar:
Ah, bonny London! *thou 'rt undone,*
If e're thou art in their power.

II.

Th' wiſe old E— with the Spigot,
That ne're knew reſt or eaſe,
Udsbread! is grown ſike a Bigot,
The Nation has his Diſeaſe.

More o'th' Tribe I can name ye,
That make this Rarey-Show,
Bold *George*, and Politique *Jemmy*,
Converted by Doctor *T O*.

Both the Sheriffs there ſhould ha bin,
Then how merry they would ha bin,
Met for National Good agen,
As they were before:
Ah, bonny London! *thou 'rt undone,*
If long thou art in their power.

III.

More to ſhow us what Ninney's
Are all rebellious Beaſts,
The Cuckolds ſent in their Guinneys,
To make this Jolly Feaſt.

Never caring, or thinking,
What Inſolence was done,
Or that their Plotting and Drinking
Should e're be oppos'd ſo ſoon.
(agen;
But when they knew they were barr'd
They ſent out the *Black Guard* agen,
All our Bonfires were marr'd agen,
Slaves did ſhout and roar:
Ah, bonny London! *thou 'rt undone,*
If e're thou art in their power.

IV.

Right and Royalty governs,
Which Rebels would overthrow;
They once were fatal to Soveraigns,
Ah, let 'em no more be ſo!

But to baffle Oppreſſion,
Inſpir'd by Fate Divine,
Defend the *Crown* and *Succeſſion*,
And keep it in the *Right Line*.

Every Soldier will fight for it,
Each bold Genius will write for it,
And the Whigs hang in ſpite for it,
Loſing Regal Power:
And, bonny London, *they 're undone,*
That thought to uſurp once more.

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